2307

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

Vol. XII.—No. 12. NEW YORK, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1897. Whole No. 350.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Comrade Yarros writes to me as follows: "I have enjoyed your articles on Macdonald. What an idiotic parallelism he seeks to establish! I was your opponent on Venezuela, but the absurdity of his comparison is such that I can hardly believe him to be in earnest in making the charge of treachery."

I regret to have to announce that "Instead of a Book" is out of print. The plates are still in my possession, but I am unable at present to print a new edition. Possibly some means of restoring the work to the market will develop later; till then I can fill no orders for it. Remittances with previous orders still unfilled will be refunded on demand.

A correspondent of the "Sun" having asked that paper whether it would still favor trusts if all the department stores were to form a trust and then buy a single daily newspaper in which to do all their advertising, the "Sun" dodges the question, but declares that, "if all the advertisers went to heaven, the 'Sun' would continue to shed its lustre undimmed." Thus Dana adds another to his long list of lies. If all the advertisers should go to heaven, the "Sun" would go to hell.

The utterly barbaric character of the *régime* of State Socialism that threatens us is foreshadowed in the legislative programmes of those State Socialists who call themselves Populists, as announced in the legislative halls of those States where they are in control or hold a large share of power. Take, for instance, the bill now before the Kansas legislature making emasculation the penalty for rape. It is announced in the news despatches that this bill stands a very good chance of passage, that the governor of the State has promised to sign it, and that, when it has thus become a law, ten other States among those that are striving to outdo the savagery of the Fiji islanders will follow in the wake of Kansas. The event will prove this fiendish policy to lack even the excuse of effectiveness. While one class of brutes in Texas are so under the control of their passions as to seek their satisfaction regardless of the risk they run of being burned at the stake by another and larger and more dangerous and more detestable class of brutes equally the slaves of their passions, it is not likely that the class of brutes—still more detestable than either of the other classes—constituting a majority of the Kansas legislature will be able, even with the aid of the vilely passionate women who carry on Social Purity societies, to terrify the ordinary brutes by threats of emasculation. If, by some accident, there is in the Kansas legislature a member whom evolution has lifted sufficiently above the brute to enable him to appreciate the force of satire, he ought to introduce into that body a bill providing that any woman who shall falsely accuse a man of attempting an assault upon her shall have her tongue cut out.

Some weeks ago I received a letter from an old friend of mine in Chicago introducing to my attention Mr. William Francis Barnard, and asking me to consider his poetical work, of which it was Mr. Barnard's intention to favor me with specimens. A few days later a letter came from Mr. Barnard, offering for publication several poems enclosed therein. I was much pleased with most of the poems, and have already printed some of them. Now I learn from the gentleman who introduced him to me that he, Mr. Barnard, considers himself greatly outraged because I printed one of his poems on the eighth page of Liberty, while printing on the sixth page of the same issue, and thereby in his judgment giving precedence to, a poem by Mr. Basil Dahl. Whereof it is to be said that Mr. William Francis Barnard, while undoubtedly a good poet, is also an ass.

"Isn't it dreadful?" asked one of the most intelligent plumb-liners in the United States, meeting me the other day. "What?" said I. "Why, Lloyd's book," said he; "haven't you seen it?" I had seen it, and I had to allow that "dreadful" is the word. For Lloyd, dear reader, has written a book. Not Henry D., but our Lloyd, or he who was ours,—J. Wm. by name. "Oh, yes," you will say; "I know—'Wind-Harp Songs.'" Oh, no, dear reader, not "Wind-Harp Songs"; you know that I wouldn't call those dreadful; you know that I agree with you that they are delightful. But Lloyd, J. Wm. Lloyd, has written another book. It is entitled "The Red Heart in a White World." "More poetry," doubtless you will exclaim, on hearing the title. Wrong again, dear reader; not more poetry—just plain, ordinary prose. After all, though, you are partly right; while not poetry, it is a work of imagination—the work of a highly-developed and picturesque imagination. It pictures the life of men who have, or think they have, rights, in contrast with the life of men who have, or think they have, none. And we poor rightless Anarchists are cheered with a beatific vision of a society of rightful Free Socialists. And these men who have rights,—why, you have no idea, dear reader, what a lot of other things they have. We are almost justified in believing that, if we seek the Red Heart and its *right*eousness, all other things will be added unto us. These men who have rights have Local Leaders, and Local Councils, and Advisors, and Special General Councils, and Special Group Services, and General Leaders, and General Secretaries, and General Treasurers, and Keepers of the Archives, and Local Treasurers, and Local Secretaries, and Directing Liberators, and Directors of Colonization, and Schools of Colonization, and Standing General Councils, and Out Members' Groups, and Groups of the Propaganda, and distilled water, and earth closets, and—oh, well, this isn't even a beginning of the things that they have. The use of the distilled water, by the way, is not compulsory, but simply advisory, especially for those who desire to avoid hepatic calculi. Instead of the distilled water, these rightful men may drink rum, if they prefer; only they must not drink rum to excess; at least, if they do, the Leader will request them to resign, with which request they must bind themselves by contract to comply. For—would you believe it, dear reader?—these rightful men, who do not have to contract for their rights as we poor rightless Anarchists have to do, have nevertheless a most beautiful contract. In one paragraph of this contract they agree "to use no military weapons, dynamite, or other violence in resistance to laws or States," and in the paragraph immediately succeeding they agree "to protect and defend the life, liberty, and property of every Comrade, so far as he wishes." Unhappily we are left entirely in the dark as to the method by which one contracting Comrade, being called upon by another for protection of his life or property against the assault of a law or a State, could succeed in keeping both of these agreements at the same time. But you should not be too severe, dear reader, upon this omission. In so elaborate a picture the marvel is that no other detail has been forgotten. There are spots on every sun, and this one we may call a beauty-spot. Not grieving over it, then, we are sad only that the picture is not to be made flesh until the Comrades of Free Society shall number a thousand,—sad that there is so remote a prospect that at least a thousand of the world's fools may meet a richly-merited fate. A thousand could be spared so easily! Ah! dear reader, if the impossible could only happen! Then would we congratulate ourselves that our enemy hath written a book.

Liberty.

Issued Monthly at Sixty Cents a Year; Two Years, One Dollar; Single Copies, Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 24 Gold Street.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 1312, New York, N. Y.

Entered at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1897.

"*In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel.*" — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Is the Drama Endowed?

William Archer, the progressive English dramatic critic, discusses in the "Fortnightly Review" the alleged romantic reaction in the theatrical world and the present blight on the drama. He admits that the conditions are discouraging, but he ridicules the notion that there is but one public with tendencies sufficiently definite and calculable to be acted upon. He insists that there is always *a* public for serious drama, and that an intelligent attempt to attract it in the direction of high art would never fail, even amid apparently universal crazes of the "Zenda" and "Trilby" kind.

It is impossible to dissent from this reasoning, and it is not surprising that Mr. Archer is logically led to express regret that there is no theatrical institution in England so firmly established on a sound artistic basis as to remain unaffected by managerial and popular caprices. But at this point he anticipates the skeptical reader's objection to endowed theatres—"that old dream or nightmare." Mr. Archer's reply to this objection is as follows:

> But an endowed theatre is not a dream; it is an existing reality: one may almost say *the* existing reality. A belief has somehow gained currency to the effect that the English stage is a self-supporting institution. Some are even of opinion that its strict subjection to the law of supply and demand, in all its divine simplicity, is the crowning glory of the British drama. This is a mistaken theory, based upon an imaginary fact. Take it all round, the British drama, or, at any rate, the London stage, is not self-supporting at all. Of all departments of commerce, the play-trade is that in which the law of supply and demand is most persistently suspended and defied. . . .
>
> A few theatres, it is true, are, on the whole, fairly prosperous, though even they have their serious fluctuations, and probably do not pay a larger interest on capital than would be demanded in any other enterprise of equal precariousness. But if (say) six out of the twenty-four theatres may be set down as steadily remunerative, it can scarcely be doubted that at the remaining eighteen, taking one year with another, the losses far exceed the gains. No one who is behind the scenes at all will deny that incredible sums are squandered on the London stage with still more incredible foolishness. In other words, if the drama were not endowed, some seventy five per cent. of our theatres would cease to exist. The drama *is* endowed—spasmodically and stupidly, but lavishly enough in all conscience. Is it, then, so utterly incredible that one day or other a "backer" should be found to endow a theatre with brains as well as money? He need not have a very long purse—or, more precisely, he must have a long purse, but he will not be called upon to empty it. For it is quite a mistake to imagine that an endowed theatre would never become self supporting. The endowment is required during the experimental stage, to start the enterprise, to establish it, and to give it time to create its public and form its tradition.

This elucidation enables us to understand our friend Shaw's mysterious references to the exemption of the stage from the operation of supply and demand. Doubtless Shaw, in speaking of endowed theatres, has in mind the facts referred to by Mr. Archer, although his conclusions are somewhat different. Since the English drama *is* endowed by private backers, Mr. Archer favors a systematic, intelligent, and purposeful endowment. He does not ask for State theatres, or bounties, but he urges upon private philanthropic or far-sighted enterprise to rescue the drama from the domination of ignorance and vulgarity. I do not know whether Mr. Archer has any theoretical or doctrinal objection to State taxation for theatrical purposes; perhaps he is as Socialistic as Shaw in the abstract, and refrains from advocating State theatres merely because he does not think it necessary for the State to do what enlightened self-interest is competent to do. But we know that Shaw does not share this view. He wants State endowment because he has no confidence in private enterprise. He has found—and it is a discovery the honor of which no one will dispute with him—that the State is more honest, efficient, economical, and business-like than private enterprise.

There can be no rational quarrel with Mr. Archer's suggestion for the private endowment of an artistic playhouse. He is right in his belief that a good theatre would become self-supporting in a comparatively short time. Every liberal-minded man would be glad to hail and coöperate with such a movement as he champions. But I must demur to the peculiar and decidedly questionable use of the term "endowed" made by Mr. Archer and our friend Shaw. Their argument that the drama is endowed because many managers and their capitalistic backers lose money in this branch of enterprise is simply preposterous. They happen (being dramatic critics) to know more about the theatrical business than about any other. They find that many go into it with the expectation of realizing big profits, and suffer disappointment and loss. From this they jump to the conclusion that the law of supply and demand is persistently suspended and defied in the play trade. Now, I happen to be acquainted with other lines of business, and find in them exactly the same situation. For instance, the newspaper business is so demoralized in many American cities that but few newspapers reap profits, while many sink millions. I have no doubt that the same is true, in some measure, of the tailoring, shoemaking, bicycle, and other trades. Are we justified in saying that all these trades are "endowed"—that the law of supply and demand is suspended in their case? Clearly, such use of these terms would be arbitrary and confusing. The fact remains that every man who goes into the play trade, like every man who goes into the bicycle or meat trade, expects to make profits. Some are bound to be wrecked under existing conditions, but no one starts out with the expectation of belonging to this element. This being the case, it is absurd to say that supply and demand is suspended, or that there is any endowment of any of these trades. It likewise follows that the argument erected on the improper use of the term "endowment" falls to the ground.

There are, indisputably, good and sufficient reasons why artistic playhouses should be endowed by intelligent capitalists, just as there are good and sufficient reasons why capitalists should establish fearless, intelligent, and progressive newspapers; but the cause of high and sincere art is not strengthened by the perversion of economic conceptions and the use of silly arguments.

V. Y.

Bourgeois Blindness.*

In his "Inquiry Concerning Literary Evolution" M. Jules Huret unveiled to us the naked soul of the *littérateur* and the poet, and it must be admitted that it was not very beautiful. With his "Inquiry Concerning the Social Question," now published as a book, he shows us, by sharp and living portraits,—portraits painted by themselves,—what a capitalist is and what a proletaire is, and the sight is scarcely more consoling. The chief lesson of these spoken studies is that no one knows just what the social question means or whither it leads us, no more the capitalist sitting tranquilly in the fortress of his millions than the tired and worn-out proletaire relying for his deliverance upon the vague theories of leaders who intoxicate themselves with words and know not what they want.

The "Inquiry Concerning the Social Question" appeared fragmentarily three years ago in "Le Figaro," not without creating scandal, for M. Jules Huret, caring only for the truth, had neglected to flatter the journal's preferences and to caress its ideas by embellishing the utterances of the men who best represented them. Denials were forthcoming, which were politely registered in the newspaper's columns, but which deceived nobody, simply adding to the comical aspect—already so delicious—of certain figures.

After three years—three centuries—we do not find that the contents of this curious book have aged; on the contrary, it seems intensely up-to-date. Besides an introduction, in which the author, in a few concise and solid pages, exhibits and summarizes the Socialistic state of mind, the work is preceded by two prefaces,—one by M. Jean Jaurès, very vague in its proletarian claims, the other by M. Paul Deschanel, still vaguer in its *bourgeois* resistance. Neither answers the various questions asked by M. Jules Huret. Instead of the programme, the plans for the future, the plain formulas, which the situation demanded, they contented themselves with writing, according to their respective temperaments, a page of eloquence which is often not very eloquent, but which is always very empty. At bottom they are much alike in their interests, which plainly are exclu-

* Translated from "Le Journal" by the editor of Liberty.

sively political, and what I see most clearly, in the revolutionary spirit of M. Jaurès as in the conservative spirit of M. Deschanel, is that both, by different means, have one and the same devouring ambition for power. When M. Jaurès indignantly protests against the name "State Socialist," which M. Léon Say once applied to him in the chamber of deputies, it really makes us smile a little. And he only plays upon words. No, M. Jaurès is not a State Socialist in the somewhat arbitrary sense in which the term is applied to a politician of this stripe. But he is something worse. What is collectivism, then, if not a frightful aggravation of the State,—if not the putting under violent and dismal guardianship of all the individual forces of a country, of all its living energies, of all its soil, of all its tools, of all its mental force, by a State more repressive than any other, by a State discipline more stifling, and having no other name in the language, than State slavery? For, in fact, I should much like to know how M. Jaurès reconciles with the servitude of his collectivist doctrines his avowed respect for individualism, and how, since all his ideas rest upon the State, he can dream that this State, the sole basis upon which he pretends to rear his future society, will one day disappear.

The "Inquiry Concerning the Social Question" gives us the opinion of important personages exercising a controlling influence in European politics, finance, industry, and science. We have the opinion of M. de Rothschild and that of M. Guesde, Bebel and the duc de Doudeauville, John Burns and Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Adolf Wagner and Malatesta, Pastor Stœcker and Paul Brousse, Archbishop Ireland and M. Coustè, M. A. Christophle and M. de Hauseman, and how many others! Evolutionists and conservatives, theorists, leaders of sects, and guides of the people, and the crowd also, beneath the anonymous and symbolical physiognomy of the operative, the peasant, and the sailor. Nothing is lacking. We have the seaport, the village, the industrial city, the factory, and everything that is representative of social misunderstandings, claims, and struggles, of the wealth of some and the poverty of others, of consciences marching toward a definite end. It seems as if, amid all these contradictory testimonies, one ought to find, if not a very clear idea of social reconstruction, at least a theoretical or sentimental expression of the economic uneasiness in which Europe is struggling, and a unanimous agreement that something needs to be done. But nothing of the kind! On one side blind security, on the other undefined policies of violence. For the most part, conservatives and revolutionists alike treat these grave and distressing questions by repeating half-heartedly ideas uttered a hundred times before and dragging from time immemorial through the salons and the streets, the newspapers and the debating societies. It reminds one of a gathering of house porters, babbling in the lodge at night.

To day we will consider the conservatives only.

Monsieur the baron Alphonse de Rothschild says, while smoking a bad cigar, to which he draws the attention of his mischievous questioner:

"Oh, no! You are mistaken. All is going well, very well indeed. The European situation is admirable; at least, it is not bad. From time to time slight financial crises. And then everything settles down again, everything settles down. The workingmen? Why, they are worthy people, the workingmen, and satisfied with their lot. And why should they complain? They are very happy. They all have good wages and good dwellings, and even the right to strike when they please. They can economize and become capitalists, like other people. What more could they ask? Consequently they do not ask anything, believe me. They work, and, you see, work—after all, there is nothing but that. That is the real, the only, secret of happiness. Speak not to me, then, of I know not what workingman's movement, which does not exist—which exists only in perverted imaginations, I assure you. Nor has Socialism an existence. It is a scarecrow, and, thank God! we are not crows. Besides, that which is cannot be changed. In a well-constituted society there must be rich and poor. What would become of the rich, if there were no poor? And the poor—what would become of them, if there were no rich? Why, it is plain, it is plain."

Monsieur the duc de Doudeauville says too:

"I do not believe in the workingman's movement. I do not believe in Socialism. I believe only in the freemasons. Freemasonry, Monsieur, that is the evil that confronts us. And whither are these people leading us? Ah! I should very much like to know. As for your pretended workingman's movement, your pretended Socialism, your pretended this and that, let me tell you that these are mere momentary crises, unstable and fleeting. There is no occasion to concern ourselves about them. The workingmen are worthy people, and have much good sense. They know that, in a well-constituted society, there must be rich and poor. It is plain. And in vain does one turn the question about in order to view it in all its aspects; one is always forced back to the same conclusion: there must be rich and poor. What I cannot believe is that there are poor who envy the rich. Ah! the rich are not happy, Monsieur. They have torments, sorrows, little dreamed of. Your farms that do not rent, your forests that burn, your stewards that steal, your sons that run into debt for the support of prostitutes! Do the poor know these incessant anxieties? No, no, a thousand timer no! For my part, I have always dreamed this pretty dream. I should like to have a little field, a very little field, with a very little house and a very little horse, and a very little cow, and an income of two thousand francs which I would earn by cultivating this little field and working this little horse and this little cow. Two thousand francs, yes, Monsieur, and not a sou more! To be poor! What a dream! What a charming and Virgilian idyll! But I cannot, even in dream, be this poor man, happy and candid. I have too many houses, too many castles, too many forests, too many game-preserves, too many friends, too many servants! I am chained to this ball, fortune! Ah! I am very unhappy!"

Monsieur Albert Christophle, then at the head of the Crédit Foncier, says likewise:

"Crazes! Crazes! Socialism does not exist, and there are no crises, no troubles, no uneasiness; there is nothing but contentment and joy. The workingmen are worthy people, who understand their duty, and who toil gayly, singing all the while. In vain to talk and do. In a well-constituted society there must be rich and poor. It has always been so; it will always be so. It is the price of social equilibrium. Besides, listen to this little apologue. It is characteristic. Listen! I am a hunter. Formerly, when I was poor, I could not admit that there should be privileged game-preserves, and I was sincerely indignant that the right to hunt on State lands was not granted to all. Well, when I became rich, I suddenly changed my mind. I immediately began to admire the economic utility of the great game-preserves where people spend two hundred thousand francs a year in feeding pheasants. Now tell me, on your honor, could a poacher spend two hundred thousand francs in feeding pheasants in a game-preserve? The whole question lies there. And it also lies in the fact that my example proves that it is very easy to become rich. As for your pretended Socialism, that is nothing, nothing at all! At most it is a fog from Germany, the fog of a beer-drinker and pipe-smoker. We, Monsieur, we drink wine and smoke delicious cigars. That is how Socialism is to be taken!"

Monsieur Paul Leroy-Beaulieu says:

"I am an economist, consequently I know what I say. Well, I say that, in a well-constituted society, there must be rich and poor,—poor to give the rich a fuller realization of the value of their wealth, and rich to give the poor an example of all the social virtues. You tell me that ideas have changed, or that they are changing, or that they will change some day. I know nothing about that, and care nothing about it. The important thing to note is that interests are immutable. Now, interest bids me to enrich myself in all ways and to the greatest possible extent. I have not to know this and that. I enrich myself—that is the fact. As for the workingmen, they receive their wages, do they not? What more do they want? I hope you are not going to compare a distinguished economist, like myself, to the stupid workingman who is ignorant of everything, ignorant even of J. B. Say. The workingman, Monsieur,—why, he is the living field that I till, the field in which I dig, the field which I turn up in order to sow therein the seed of the good golden coins which I shall reap and store in my strong-boxes. As for social enfranchisement, equality,—how do you call it,—solidarity, *Mon Dieu!* I see no objections to their establishment in the other world. But in this world? Absurd! Here policemen, again policemen, always policemen!"

They all say the same thing, with more or less candor, with more or less ferocity. And their faces take on a strange amplitude, tragic in the painful and picturesque contrast with the human miseries and basenesses that M. Jules Huret very skilfully manages, without exaggeration or declamation, to exhibit throughout the pages of his impressive book. Such appears the physiognomy of M. Henry Schneider, so combative, so imperious, so peremptory, a trifle sinister, indeed, against the infernal background of Creusot, where, in smoke and flame, one sees troops of men stir and sweat, burning their thin faces in the mouths of the furnaces,

twisting their arms around the red bars of iron, seeking vainly among the sulphurous vapors, through the noxious atmosphere, a little respirable air for their poison-eaten lungs.

And they see nothing, hear nothing, understand nothing of the grumblings in the depths of the social body. There is something astonishing, something inviting, in their blind security. Anarchism, Socialism, feminism, anti-Semitism, all the preparatory forms of the inevitable revolution, are to them so many negligible accidents, signifying nothing, and to be laughed at.

Ah! it would have been curious if, before '89, it had occurred to some one, like M. Jules Huret, to question the important personages of the day, the Turgots, the Malesherbes, the Neckers, Louis XVI, and the fine lords ever feasting, and the great financiers ever lending at usury. Certainly all would have shown the same infatuated confidence, and given proof of the same tragic blindness. And when the revolution was already on them, when it was burying its claws in their skin and blowing into their faces its breath of blood and hatred, they would have said with the same smiling tranquility:

"Why, no! Why, no! It is nothing. It has always been so; it will always be so. And really the poor are very happy and very charming people." OCTAVE MIRBEAU.

Sound, But Not to the Purpose.

A reader of Liberty writes to me as follows:

I was amused and interested in "The Feather that Felled Me" in the issue of Liberty which I have seen to-day. Will you allow me to ask you if you think ten-dollar bills or ten-dollar gold pieces would especially affect the situation which Mr. Crosby supposed? As the matter strikes me, the shipwrecked party on the desert island would be in that primitive condition of man which has not arrived at coinage, much less at paper money; and why would the possession of one bill apiece, or of a thousand bills by one man, be of any account? I apprehend that the colony would go to work quite irrespective of the currency in its possession, for the reason that the currency would not be of use in their condition. There might come a time when the state of society on the island would become complex, and where ten-dollar bills would be of service to the man who owned them; but that, as far as I can see it, would not be the condition at first. It seems to me that Mr. Crosby's supposition and question, and the manifest inferences he drew, are all unwarranted. Couldn't you have said that the ownership of bills, whether more or less in value, or whether equally or unequally divided, would, to use the correct slang, "cut no ice" whatever? Pardon my intrusion on your time. The question is one that interests me.

If all that is strictly implied by the conditions of Mr. Crosby's hypothesis were to be insisted upon, then my correspondent's undoubtedly correct conclusions as to what would happen on the island would be pertinent. But the fact is—and perhaps I should have so stated in my original article—that Mr. Crosby himself recognized that certain elements in his hypothesis were irrelevant, and did not expect them to be considered. In his speech at the Sunrise Club, he said, when framing his hypothesis, that it was not clear to him why nearly all imaginary social experiments are supposed to be tried by shipwrecked men upon a desert island, but that nevertheless, this being the custom, he should not depart from it. Of course I was warranted in inferring from this that he did not wish the isolation of his castaways to be interpreted as in any way impairing the value of the money in their pockets, although such isolation would, in reality, destroy all monetary values.

Indeed, any other view of Mr. Crosby's intentions would have been absurd in the last degree. When a man comes before you to prove the moral inferiority of monetary obligations to certain other obligations, it is not to be supposed for a moment, if he is an honest man,—which Mr. Crosby signally is,—that he will begin by placing the monetary obligation under conditions that absolutely nullify it. That I am under obligation to labor for my shelter rather than buy shelter with the money that I have in my pocket is a proposition that cannot be proved by placing me in a position where no one will accept my money in payment for shelter, being deterred therefrom by physical obstacles which permanently cut off all communication with the issuers of the money and with the body of people upon whom it is dependent for its circulating power. If the monetary obligation is to be compared with any other, the comparison must be made under the conditions that constitute its force. My correspondent will see, then, why I treated the shipwreck and the desert island as merely romantic incidents rather than economic essentials in Mr. Crosby's hypothetical case, and will understand that to have discussed the effect of isolation upon the value of currency would have been to introduce a factor foreign to Mr. Crosby's problem. T.

Attacked Because We Do Not Know It All.

In a criticism upon Mr. Robinson's recent paper on "Rent," Mr. Byington, in another column, incidentally turns aside from Mr. Robinson to put a question to me. Such at least is the appearance. I strongly suspect, however, that, in reality, he rose to criticise Mr. Robinson simply to give himself an occasion to ask me the question. Be that as it may, I answer.

Mr. Byington desires to know why I accord to the actual occupant and user of land the right to that which is upon the land, in preference to according this right to the producer of that which is upon the land, who left it there when abandoning the land; or, as he puts it, why I put the right of occupancy and use above the right of contract. I reply that I am moved to this preference principally by my interest in the right of contract. Without such preference the theory of occupancy and use is utterly untenable; without it, and in the absence of some form of despotism, it would be possible for an individual to acquire, and hold simultaneously, virtual titles to innumerable parcels of land, by the merest show of labor performed thereon; without it we should be forced to choose between, on the one hand, the Single Tax or some similar tyranny, and, on the other, the virtual ownership of nearly the entire earth by a small fraction of its inhabitants; and, whichever of these alternatives we might select, the right of contract, if not destroyed absolutely, would surely be impaired in an intolerable degree.

But who is Mr. Byington that he should complain of my subordination of the right of contract? Is *he*, then, so respectful of that right,—*he*, a Single Taxer, who purposes to deprive every producer of the right to dispose of a portion of his product unless he shall abandon the land on which he produced it, while I purpose to deprive no producer of the right to dispose of any portion of his product, except that portion which he shall decline or neglect to remove from his land in case of his abandonment thereof? I would allow every producer to keep or dispose of his product at his pleasure, provided he retains his occupancy of land or removes his product when he gives up his occupancy. But Mr. Byington would compel every producer to abandon a portion of his product as a condition of retaining his occupancy of land? Who, then, is the more respectful of property in labor-products and of the right of contract,—Mr. Byington or I?

After this answer to so much of Mr. Byington's letter as relates specifically to me, it remains to say a word upon his general complaint of the unwillingness of Anarchists to set forth in detail how the occupancy-and-use theory will work in practice. He sees in this unwillingness evidence that the Anarchists do not thoroughly understand the land question,—surprising perspicacity on his part, in view of the fact that we have repeatedly disclaimed any pretence of *thoroughly* understanding it. If we were less frank and honest, and denied the existence of difficulties, and claimed to know it all, and pretended that the course before us was beautifully clear and easy, and resorted to all manner of sophistry to answer awkward questions, as the Single Taxers do (you, Mr. Byington, are somewhat of an exception to this rule), we should undoubtedly get credit for perfect mastery of the subject. It is a common belief among the very ordinary that the modest man is a fool and an ignoramus, but I did not suspect that Mr. Byington shared it. Even this, however, is less startling than his claim that the ease with which a principle can be applied is a fair test of its soundness, and that the application of any definite principle of social life must be as easy as grammar. Some of us who have found grammar a little perplexing, and remember that grammarians of deserved renown have written volumes to demonstrate diametrically opposite applications of a given rule, will smile at the simile. But, admitting that grammar is an exact and thoroughly understood science, it by no means follows that all other sciences are on a level with it in this respect. One must lack the power of observation and be painfully deficient in common sense to hold that the perception of a truth as a truth necessarily involves a contemporary perception of all its applications and the exact manner thereof. In the numerous modern developments of electricity we see a striking instance, out of many that might be cited, where years and decades and almost centuries of effort on the part of most ingenious men have separated discovery of principle and entertainment of true conception from a more or less perfect understanding of the ways of realization. Mr. Byington is clearly wrong, then, even ludicrously wrong, in declaring that, if the occupancy-and-use theory is sound, it ought to be easier to grant information concerning the details of its application than to protest against questions in relation to such details.

"But," Mr. Byington will ask, "what of my analogy between the Anarchists and the Communists? Have I not heard you, Mr. Tucker, declare that the Communists' unwillingness to

cope with questions of detail shows that they do not thoroughly understand their position?" Undoubtedly you have, Mr. Byington; but have I not admitted above, and many times before, that nobody, not even the Anarchists, thoroughly understands the question of land tenure?

The analogy, however, is not perfect. There is a difference between the two cases, which Mr. Byington fails to note. The proposal of the Communists, and their sole proposal, is immediate action in the realization of their plans. They desire either to emigrate and colonize, or to remain where they are and destroy, contemplating in either case an immediate condition of non-restriction upon aggression. It is perfectly fair, then, for Mr. Byington to ask them: "You want me to join you? Tell me first, then, what you intend to do, in case a man attempts to cut my throat." And, if they decline to answer, he may say properly enough: "Very well, then; you may be right, or you may be wrong; but of two things one—either your designs are evil, or else you do not understand them yourselves; and I, for my part, will not rush headlong into so dire an uncertainty. In preference to that I will remain a while longer where or as I am."

Not such is the case of the Anarchists. They—or at any rate some of them, I being one—do not purpose to solve the land question to-day, to-morrow, or day after to-morrow. They believe that it will be absolutely necessary to solve it sooner or later, but, being not yet quite certain as to all the details, they prefer to effect first certain other libertarian solutions, at least one of which is of greater intrinsic importance, and all of which are less beset by difficulties. They hope and believe that these solutions will result in an education in liberty, and in social life under liberty, that will better fit us for the application of the libertarian principle to the tenure of land when the time shall arrive to make it. And this intention of postponing for a time the solution of the land question relieves them of that obligation to furnish information concerning details which they gladly assume in regard to questions which they more thoroughly understand and for which they offer an immediate solution.

For the reason just outlined Liberty will devote less space than formerly to consideration of occupancy and use in practice. In the past it has neither dodged or equivocated. It has demonstrated its fairness. It has given more space, ten times over, to Single-Tax objections to occupancy and use than any Single-Tax journal has given to Anarchistic objections to the Single Tax, although more than one prominent Single Taxer has declared that the only objections to the Single Tax worth answering are those offered by the Anarchists. Hereafter Liberty will be less hospitable to this particular line of discussion, making an exception only when a more than usually pertinent and searching inquiry shall promise to result in new light.

Meanwhile I desire to assure Mr. Byington that, although, while sure of occupancy and use as a principle, we are unable to foresee all its workings with absolute definiteness, we are certain that we understand the Single Tax, both in theory and practice, and we know it to be rotten. T.

The Case Against Putnam.

Whether the faculty be innate or the result of cultivation during a quarter of a century of newspaper life, I am often able to remember, with an accuracy that has seemed at times almost photographic, in what page and column of a newspaper I saw any paragraph of more than usual interest. As a result I have formed the habit of relying on this faculty without going to the pains of verification. Recently, however, it has played me a trick. Shortly after the appearance of the January number of Liberty I was informed by Mr. E. C. Walker that, my statement to the contrary notwithstanding, Putnam's "Freethought" did not place in its editorial column the objectionable letter from a correspondent favoring the conversion of all Anarchists into corpses. Mr. Walker told me that he had lately seen a copy of the issue of "Freethought" that contained the letter, and had carefully noted the fact that the letter appeared, not on the editorial page, but far removed from it, under the head of "Correspondence." I said at once to Mr. Walker that I would correct the error in the forthcoming issue of Liberty. Which I accordingly and hereby do, asking that so much extenuation of Mr. Putnam's guilt as he may be entitled to by this qualification of my original charge shall be placed to his credit by my readers, as it certainly is by me. To his debit, however, these facts remain: that the letter in question was printed in "Freethought"; that it explicitly purported to be a seconding of the paper's views; that no disclaimer, editorial or other, accompanied its publication; that, whether Putnam was in San Francisco (the paper's home) at the time or not, he was undoubtedly in regular receipt of the issues of the paper at the head of whose columns his name stood as editor; that it is not for a moment to be believed that he did not examine those early issues, line by line, with that thoroughness and enthusiasm with which an editor always examines the early numbers of his periodical; that therefore he could scarcely have failed to see the horrible letter in question; that, seeing it, he never personally made any protest or gave any sign; that, if he had been "the soul of honor," as Mr. Walker calls him, instead of the hypocrite that I know him to have been and that he sometimes confessed himself to be, his indignation would not have allowed him to delay a moment in voluntarily righting an outrage upon his Anarchistic friends in the commission of which he had unwittingly been made a participant; that he never took the smallest step to right it, and never, so far as I know, even vouchsafed an explanation of his conduct, privately or publicly, to his Anarchistic friends; and that the editorial disclaimer that finally appeared in "Freethought," *compelled by my "brand,"* was made not at his instance and even without his knowledge. I may add that I have received from Mr. George Macdonald a defence of Putnam which it is not my intention to print. He declares his desire to "get the main facts before the plumb-liners." Does he forget that he has done his best to keep the main facts from the cork-screws? All the relevant facts within my knowledge are already before the plumb-liners. Macdonald, in presuming to send me a communication on the subject for publication in Liberty, knowing as he does that he in the "Truth Seeker," and his ally, "Lucifer," have taken care to give the public only one side of the matter, simply continues to display that quality of impudence for which he has declared his admiration. T.

Ardors.

The sea's voice as it challenges the shore;
The shore's voice as it echoes back the sea;
A cry sent up where awful power must be,
And then a long, reverberate, answering roar
Attack upon resistance o'er and o'er;
These titans aye contend for mastery.
And, as I hark, I think for you and me,
My fellows, strife until our heads are hoar.
But, though powers front us like the waves, nor rest
Nor hush themselves a moment, like the land
That fails not, though it conquers not, we stand
Fearless, and scorning e'en the mightiest;
Waving, where men can see, a token hand
That shows the heart still stanch within its breast.

William Francis Barnard.

To a Dancer.

Thou daughter of the East, with midnight eyes,
And midnight hair caught up in loops of gold;
Thy throat like cream; thy face of flower-like mould;
Full-bosomed, and with supple, tapering thighs;
Anon, while music played, thou would'st arise,
And, keeping time with castanets, unfold
The mazes of a dance, which to behold
Dwarfed into naught the soul's supreme surmise.
If passion ever had a monument,
Thou wast that thing; with steps that fell as snow,
And laughing lips, thou would'st glide to and fro
In mad, voluptuous bendings; aye unspent;
Tossing from fingers kisses opulent;
Thine eyes with asking glances all aglow.

William Francis Barnard.

Perfectly Logical.

An embargo is threatened on Indiana whiskers by Jim Reeves, an Anderson barber who has prepared a bill and is endeavoring to get some representative or senator to father it. The bill provides a tax of ten dollars a year on every man wearing chin whiskers. It also provides a tax on goatees. Mustaches are free. Reeves defends his bill eloquently, and is backed by a forcible array of barbers.

If they tax good wool from off our backs,
And place a tax on shoddy,
Who finds fault with a whisker tax?
Why, cert, nobody!

Wm. A. Whittick.

A Convert.*

To pretty Anna I proposed
Last night when we were at the tryst;
To government then not opposed,
She's been since then an Anna kissed.

Walter Bryant.

* By no fault of the author, these lines were so printed in Liberty, No. 349, as to destroy their point. They are now reprinted properly.

MUTUAL BANKING.

BY

WILLIAM B. GREENE.

Showing the radical deficiency of the existing circulating medium and the advantages of a free currency; a plan whereby to abolish interest, not by State intervention, but by first abolishing State intervention itself.

One of the most important works on finance in the English language.

New and Cheap Edition.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

Mailed, post-paid, by
BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York City.

I.

Conditions would crush me,
Dull dunces would hush me,
If I were not I.
The world would enchain me,
Each fool would restrain me,
If I were not I.

Dear friends would ignore me
And blockheads would bore me
Until I should die;
But I know the rabble,
Their rant and their gabble,
And I am still I.

With punishments gloomy
They'd strive to undo me,
Because I am I.
I test them and try them,
Then scorn and defy them,
For I must be I.

I cherish and love thee,
Think nothing above thee,
O glorious I!
Let others despise thee,
I honor and prize thee,
O infinite I!

Basil Dahl.

From the Iberian Bastile.*

[Translated from "Der Freidenker" by H. J. S.]

Spain is not the country of the future, but that of the past; not that which is to be, but that which has been; therefore none of those whose souls are free can love or care to serve it. The hyperbolical race, given to excess, always vacillates between two extremes; the Spaniard passes from dejection to rage, from skepticism to superstition, from excessive excitation to complete prostration. The latter prevails to-day,—together with religious fanaticism,—and is accompanied by all the atrocities of the middle ages.

We have lived through terrible days. Not even the devilish hangman's brain of Torquemada invented so satanic tortures as have been applied to the unhappy victims in the underground chambers of Montjuich. The accused in this monstrous trial presented to the court-martial their horribly-mutilated bodies, and demanded to be examined by a commission of medical men; they declared that they had been stamped criminals by the most inhuman tortures, although they are entirely innocent. Others, whose lips have been silenced by death, have not been able to testify; they succumbed to the tortures!

These charges of torture have been answered by silence; the trial takes its course, although the Spanish military laws state distinctly that all depositions shall be null and void if obtained by promises, intimidation, or force.

Two officers only—counsel for the accused—had enough manly courage and indignation, the one to tear the decoration from the breast of the lieutenant of gendarmes who was conducting the tortures, and the other, Captain Hurtado, to call him (the lieutenant of gendarmes), before the court-martial, a flayer's servant and wretch, and to slap him in the face to lay the foundation for a challenge to a duel in which he might shoot him like a dog.

But nothing avails; even these two incidents could not stay or modify the course of the trial; innocent men were condemned.

Counsel for the accused were in possession of the proofs of innocence and of all the atrocities committed: the toes without nails; the genital organs destroyed by a guitar-string; the charred backs, bellies, and male organs; the lips torn open by the mouth-twitch; the limbs rent asunder; and all the evidences of the mutilation that had wrung from the tortured the shrieks of agony, that were heard through the thick walls of the fortress. But those shrieks of anguish that caused all noble hearts to shudder leave the Spanish government perfectly indifferent.

The legal documents containing a most terrible history of human suffering and martyrdom were placed upon the table of the court-martial, but the tribunal closed its eyes out of fear—out of discipline. The judges dared not open them. Higher orders prevented them. They hesitated, trembled, and finally . . . remained silent.

Very well, then! I, a poor, prostrate prisoner, will bring to light this case of social pathology, that the world may know of the degree of barbarism to which the law and culture of Spain have retrograded.

Parliament is a comedy, and the constitution a shameless lie.

The scientists have left the chairs of the universities and schools to the mercenary hirelings of religion; the politicians receive their plans from the cloisters, and the authors have sold their pens to the monks.

The path of truth and duty leads into prison, and—what is more dreadful—to Montjuich, to this bastile, more horrible, because of its chambers of torture, than the ancient bastile of France. The liberal-minded author is being persecuted and imprisoned, that the example may serve as a wholesome warning. Daily the priest-ridden government points out to the few remaining authors the prison doors, and to us who are already pining in prison it points out the "Serpent's tongue,"* and says in addition: "There is your future, you wretches of liberty."

However, neither threat or arrest or bullets can intimidate or prevent us. Whatever we have preached and thought, we resolutely keep on preaching and thinking, even though we are to seal it with our blood. For whoever has imbibed with romantic fervor, as we have, the flashing apothegms that served the great French revolution as a motto does not waver in his convictions, even though the inspired enthusiasm of all the great lyrics that created him a defender of liberty should end a thousand times by the horrors of the Spanish bastile.

Eighty-seven are awaiting the confirmation of their sentence, which will bring them death or send them to the penitentiary, and there are one hundred and seventy of us that in vain are dreaming of liberty. Having been incarcerated for the last seven months, and being rigorously excluded from all the world, we are without newspapers, tables, chairs, benches, or beds; our correspondence passes through the hands of a most exacting censor; and during this whole period we have not been able to see or speak to our children, parents, wives, friends, or relatives. While the convicted murderer is permitted to receive and send his letters sealed and to receive visits from everybody, to read any newspaper and have his meals furnished by his own family, we, who have not been tried or indicted, are denied these privileges.

In this unbearable condition we have now lived for the last seven months, and daily we are mocked with the following assurance: "There is nothing against you, nothing whatever. You have been arrested, but in an administrative way. Sometime, when the minister happens to be in good humor, he may set you at liberty."

"And when may the minister be in good humor?"

"How do I know? Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in a year; he may perhaps banish you to the Canary Islands or to Fernando Po. How does it concern me? I do only what I am ordered to do. If ordered to-morrow to shoot you without further ceremony, I shall do so. I have been ordered to guard you, and I do it conscientiously."

Answers like the above we get constantly.

Among these sentenced is my friend, Pedro Corominos; in his case the State's attorney demanded the death penalty, but the court imposed a sentence of twenty years in the penitentiary; he is young, intellectual, a most clever lawyer, and an enthusiastic and brilliant orator; in politics a Republican, in religion an atheist, and in philosophy a disciple of Nietzsche.

Among those not up for trial three are masters of lodges, one is an ex general, and one a lieutenant of artillery. The others are small tradesmen, owners of printing-establishments, hotel and saloon keepers, and factory workers. Some fifty are Republicans, about ten are Socialists, and the rest are more or less theoretical Anarchists. Even here in prison hoary men still study foreign languages, learn to read and write, and perfect themselves in mathematics and architectural and mechanical drawing. Yet we have no tables! Paper is wanting also! We write and draw on the walls with burnt corks, or on the floor with bits of lime scraped from the walls.

None of these men ever pursued the study of philosophy at universities; none of them have learned to think with Aristotle, Descartes, or Kant; they do not know the exact meaning of the word philosophy; yet in a certain way they are philosophers strong in ideas. They have read in their own way the great book of nature; they have reflected upon the monstrous contrast between the low and the high; they have observed the insolent greed of the rich, and the slave-like patience of the poor; they have contemplated the social organization which coddles the former and maltreats the latter; and thus they have created for themselves their own simple and ready philosophy, a philosophy that finds its expression in these two words: "Injustice and Might."

While our guards in scandalous drunkenness are celebrating the birth of Christ, they too are thinking of a world redeemer, a terrible and fierce saviour, a Christ that will tear down the ancient barbarian institutions and reduce to ruin all laws, all dogmas, and all lies that retard the free development of human activity. By their looks one can see that they are ardently wishing for a transformation of the present society that causes so many tears; that they all are brothers, who would like to labor and enjoy equally; and that they are dreaming of a new humanity in which mutuality and reciprocal responsibility shall be the rule.

About their views one may think whatever he pleases; one may not agree with them, as I do not, about the means and final purpose of the revolution; but at the grief of these men my nervous hands in vain search for a saving weapon which, by its deadly flash, might light up the darkness with the early dawn of the morning red, the morning red of a new life.

BRODJAGA.

FORTRESS MONTJUICH, PUENTA No. 2.
DECEMBER 24, 1896.

* On January 24, 1897, "Der Freidenker," of Milwaukee, published a long article by one of its occasional correspondents in Spain. The correspondent, who writes under the pseudonym of "Brodjàga," is a physician, a German by birth, who has lived in Spain for some time. His views on the political and social situation of Spain being at variance with those held by the administration, he has been arrested and sent to Montjuich, a citadel near Barcelona. In politics he is a Republican, and in religion an atheist. It seems that he has been under police surveillance for some time, because he has never made a secret of his Republican ideas, and, being an atheist, the last bomb-throwing incident has been made an excuse for arresting him, together with many others. In its issue of January 31, "Der Freidenker" corroborates all of Brodjàga's statements, as far as they have been made known by the Spanish government. Of course, the official statements will never admit the tortures, but even here the government implicates itself, because it states that the Anarchists testified against and accused each other; it is not stated how they came to do that.—*Translator.*

* The bastion of Montjuich, where the shootings take place.

The Difficulties of Occupancy and Use.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Mr. Robinson, writing on occupancy and use as the only title to land, says: "The details as to what constitutes use and occupancy of land will vary according to the locality, and as experience may dictate; the principle at the bottom we should recognize without waiting to solve every problem that we may encounter, confident that, when once established in our minds, it will prove a means by which practical problems may be solved, one by one, as they occur." This attitude is characteristic of the advocates of this theory. They have usually an absolute horror of details. Yet, if this is really a definite principle of social life, its application to any ordinary detail ought to make no more trouble than the application of a rule of grammar to the construction of a sentence, and, when its advocates are plagued with questions as to how it will work in detail,—as they constantly complain of being,—it ought to be rather easier to grant the information asked for than to make such protests against its being asked.

People who have definite ideas, and are working to propagate these ideas, delight to be asked to show how their ideas should be applied in a given case; for it is easy to make individual applications of a definite idea which one thoroughly understands, and the experienced propagandist knows that nothing will impress his ideas so clearly and vividly on the hearer's mind as plenty of concrete instances of its working. Ask a Single Taxer what the Single Tax would do in a given case, or ask a mutual bank man how a given financial danger is to be met by the mutual bank, and the reply is given exultantly; for these men under-

stand their theories. But ask an Anarchist-Communist what Anarchistic society will do with criminals, or ask an advocate of occupancy and use whether the site of the terminal of an oceanic telegraph cable is occupied by the operator or by the telegraph company, and you may expect to be answered with the remark that only petty minds, unable to grasp great principles, would try to argue such a question on grounds of mere detail. For these men do not, in general, fully and clearly know what they themselves mean when they talk, in the one case, about Anarchism, and, in the other case, about occupancy and use.

You yourself, Mr. Tucker, are somewhat of an exception to this rule. You are not very forward in giving such information, to be sure; but you do give it, when pressed, and I have learned more from you than from any one else as to what occupancy and use implies in the mind of one of its advocates. Indeed, I may perhaps say that I have learned from you as much as I can use along this line for the present, regarding your personal views; for, when I learned that for you the right of occupancy and use overrode all rights of property in labor products and all rights of contract, so that the tenant of a house is, *ipso facto*, the owner of the house, and a contract is absolutely void, if by it a man agreed to waive rights which he might acquire by occupancy and use,—void, I say; not only is its performance not to be enforced, but the person who would benefit by such an agreement may be forcibly restrained from taking possession of what the contract purported to give him, if the other party chooses to repudiate the contract,—then I made up my mind that, before I could understand anything more of your doctrine, it was indispensable for me to know the reason why the claim of occupancy and use of land should be given this transcendent position. So I am waiting for a chance to learn this from you.

While Mr. Robinson thus protests against the demand for details, he nevertheless permits himself to give us one interesting detail at least; the landlord of rented land may justly claim "for his house whatever deterioration it may suffer by use." This is especially interesting for comparison with your statement that you would regard the tenant as "the owner of the house." Evidently there is a serious lack of harmony among the advocates of the occupancy-and-use title. You and Mr. Robinson must regard each other as fatally lacking in comprehension of the true meaning of your common creed. I do not see how Mr. Robinson, having thus acknowledged the landlord's continued title to his house, can avoid acknowledging his right to take possession of the house again for his own occupation, if it was so provided in the lease. Then he would be opposing you on this point too.

While I am writing this, Mr. Lloyd's "Red Heart in a White World" comes to hand. The interpretation of occupancy and use there looks, at first glance, most attractively definite; but, after all, it does not tell what shall constitute occupancy (except that having improvements on the ground shall be sufficient in mines, but not elsewhere), and it does not give even a hint as to whether, or how far, what our English friends call "contracting out" is to be allowed. On second thought, I am mistaken in saying that the ownership of fixed improvements is not occupancy according to Lloyd; it is a modified sort of occupancy, giving a title to this extent,—that nobody must take possession of the land without paying the value of the improvements, as determined by a court. This is giving the court a good deal of power over private business, it seems to me. You, I suppose, would let unoccupied land be taken without paying for the improvements; what Mr. Robinson would do I don't know.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

Breakback Burdens.

[Electrical Engineer.]

In addressing its constituents our new and excellent contemporary, "City Government," which has been doing good work towards the creation and adoption of better methods for managing municipal affairs, remarks very sententiously: "You must be a wise man to be a city official." This is neat and true, but it generally escapes acceptance, and, in the current passion for making the municipality do everything, appears to be entirely forgotten. Whoever turns over the valuable pages of "City Government," filled with data of all kinds, realizes at once how wide the scope of municipal affairs has become; but the paper itself clinches the matter in a cogent appeal for support, in which, by the way of illustration, it enumerates some twenty distinct and separate matters which any modern mayor or alderman is expected by his constituents to know all about. This last is by no means exhaustive, for we could easily double it ourselves; but it includes such trifles as electric and gas-lighting, trolley travel, police, franchises in general, parks, paving, garbage, sewers, libraries, education, water-supply, systems of taxation, saloons, the social evil, fire, handling public securities, building up a city, and a few other like trifles of no consideration.

But, seriously, is not such a list in itself one of the explanations why city government so often breaks down, and why it is unwise to increase the burdens—or the temptations—of those who are intrusted with the management of the city's affairs? Strive to master these subjects as they may, and even with the aid of such admirable guides and mentors as the paper we have named, the mayors and other elective officers can but often break down or fall short in their efforts to keep up with the mass of miscellaneous duty heaped upon them. These duties require expert skill or knowledge, not only in those who carry on the departments, but at least to some extent in those who are the legislative body; and, if the masters are ignorant, the servants are not likely to remain either expert or honest in the long run. Whether the city be regarded as a small State or as a business corporation of the citizens, this increase in number and variety of functions is a startling menace to good administration of affairs in general.

Analogies from old times are not necessarily safe and sound, but it does seem to us that, as, in old Rome, the danger of coming social disintegration increased about in proportion to the degree in which the government absorbed all the functions involved in preserving, punishing, or pleasing the citizens, so, in our modern tendencies toward centralizing all kinds of heterogeneous management and ownership in the city, we are running risks that are perilous for future social welfare. The assumption that everything goes well and cheaply the moment a public functionary assumes it, or is paid for doing it, is based on a blind disregard of all the teaching of history and all the observation of current events. The more a State or city engages to take care of its citizens, the more helpless those citizens tend to become; the latest proof of which is seen in the fact that the new laws of Austria and Germany compelling universal insurance have been followed by an alarming increase in the number of accidents. And so it goes. One man wants a State church, another advocates a national theatre, a third favors public prizes for horse races, a fifth wants a city printing-office, the next fights to set up a city bakery, and everyone has designs, good and bad, on the purse that can only be filled out of the ever growing burden of taxation. People have literally been going crazy in their zeal for taxing other people in support of their hobbies and whims, and we need not have very strong prejudices in favor of leaving a few things to individuals or corporations—such as lighting and street railways—if we should venture to express a hearty sympathy with the movement just started in far New Zealand for personal liberty and against having the State or city government choke every impulse for freedom and initiative out of its people. If the Liberty League fails, and the majority insists on being governed by its minority in uniforms, we hope to be able to move on to Mars.

A Lie Exposed.

Ever since Governor Altgeld released Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe, the daily press, regardless of party, has endeavored to make him appear as a wholesale pardoner of criminals. Even the "Journal" of this city, supposed to be friendly to the Illinois governor, would introduce the news of a new pardon granted with the misleading headline, "Governor Altgeld Keeps on Pardoning," as if this were a specialty of his. But, so far as I know, no newspaper outside of Illinois, not even the "Journal," has printed, or paid the slightest attention to, the following extract from his farewell message, which shows how the newspapers have been lying, and to which Liberty does its little best to give circulation:

So malicious and persistent an effort has been made to misrepresent the facts and make a false impression upon the public mind in regard to granting of pardons and commutations by this administration that justice requires a statement of the figures as shown by the records. During the four years just closing, the average number of pardons and commutations per year has been 79; the average number, per annum, of convicts in the two penitentiaries during that time has been 2,201. Consequently, the pardons and commutations amounted to 3⅝ per cent. of the convicts in prison. And for the twenty years preceding the beginning of this administration the average number of pardons and commutations per annum was 83¾, and the average number of convicts in the penitentiaries per annum during that time was 1,868; so that there were 4½ per cent. of the prisoners pardoned or commuted, on the average, each year. In other words, considering the number of convicts in prison, the number of pardons and commutations granted each year, on the average, for twenty years prior to the beginning of this administration, was twenty-five per cent. greater than has been the number of pardons and commutations granted by this administration. While this administration has been much more conservative in this regard than former administrations, it is not a matter for which it should receive either credit or blame, for the granting of pardons and commutations is somewhat judicial in character, and requires the executive to act conscientiously on the merits of each case.

Is Imitation Invasion?

[J. Greevz Fisher in Newcastle Chronicle.]

Patent right consists in a power in the inventor or his successors to prevent other persons from fashioning materials which they hold or own in a shape or method resembling that protected by a sealed instrument issued by a department of government. Such a power is open to grave suspicion from believers in the expediency of liberty to each man to handle in his own way his own bodily and mental faculties, together with liberty to deal with such external objects as he can without trespassing on the possessions of others. It depends upon a recognition of imitation as a trespass or aggression. Recognition of trespass in mimicry is certainly carrying proprietary rights to their very utmost extension. What can justify advocates of liberty in admitting such rights? Do they, by so doing, lay themselves open to the charge of self-contradiction and consequent fallacy? Some prominent upholders of the doctrines of liberty deny that proprietary rights in methods of action can consistently be conceded or demanded by a defender of freedom.

To many minds it appears quite consistent with liberty that an originator of a truly novel combination should be enabled to admit others to his secret on the condition that they are to be bound not to appropriate or disclose the invention. From this point to the patent laws is rather a long step. It here becomes necessary to assume or to show that publication of the design to the general public can and ought to be made the subject of a bargain similar to that allowable between the inventor and another man.

Not After Most's Own Heart.

Comrade Byington sends the following translation from a manifesto issued by a group of Argentine Communists, singular in that it opposes the method of "propaganda by deed" so dear to Communists in general:

We who face the world frankly, calling ourselves partisans of the abolition of government; we who sustain and feed the reasoning propaganda, oral and written, by means of leaflets, meetings for discussion, and pamphlets; we who present ourselves to society such as we are, contrary to its institutions and partisans of its radical reform,—rest our words on our principles and our principles on our work; and, as neither the words or the principles or the works are mutually discordant, we are admitted into society for reasons of necessity or of convenience; and, although we may be

branded as Utopians, we are respected by our very adversaries, because our actions and our antecedents, public as well as private, are above all criticism, and are a mirror before which many of our detractors have to bow the head with a blush.

But even so, we raise our voice of protest, and declare that we have not, nor have had, nor wish to have, anything in common with the pedants who know how only to spread alarm or threaten with dynamite, being incapable of using it,—because of knowing neither its chemical composition or how to manage it,—or with the fanatics who confound idea with procedure, or, much less, with the evil-intentioned persons who pretend to serve the idea in satisfying personal revenges.

We protest also because of the uselessness of such means and because of their tendency to produce a result contrary to what is aimed at,—means which, we repeat, have no reason for existence at present, and which no reasonableness authorizes or justifies, since we do not know how we could effect a regenerating movement with depraved means, for we believe that good doctrines ought to be accompanied by good works.

The group "Science and Progress," and with it the best-known propagandists of the ideal in Rosario, have nothing in common with the "pyrotechnists of occasion" or anonymous alarmists, and will stand by the side of every collectivity which, by means of instruction and propaganda, proposes to bring its grain of sand to the general welfare.

Anarchist Letter-Writing Corps.

The Secretary wants every reader of Liberty to send in his name for enrolment. Those who do so thereby pledge themselves to write, when possible, a letter every fortnight, on Anarchism or kindred subjects, to the "target" assigned in Liberty for that fortnight, and to notify the secretary promptly in case of any failure to write to a target (which it is hoped will not often occur), or in case of temporary or permanent withdrawal from the work of the Corps. All, whether members or not, are asked to lose no opportunity of informing the secretary of suitable targets. Address, STEPHEN T. BYINGTON, Belvidere, N. J.

☞ For the present the fortnightly supply of targets will be maintained by sending members a special monthly circular, alternating with the issue of Liberty.

Members of the corps, and all friends of the cause, will do well to take every opportunity of correcting the current story that Glasgow is being freed from municipal taxation by the profits of municipalized industries. The following clipping, from the New York "Voice" of February 4, will furnish facts for you to go on:

Taxation in Glasgow for municipal purposes has not disappeared, as we erroneously stated last week, and as we found not to be the case almost as soon as the "Voice" had gone to press. What gave currency to the statement was probably the fact that a special tax, first levied in 1867 to enable the city to rebuild the slum districts, practically disappeared last year, though the work still goes on, the profits on the thousand dwellings which the city has built and now owns defraying the expenses of the continued work in that same line. We anticipated such a letter as the following, which has just been received.

Editor of the Voice:

On your first page for January 28 you praise Glasgow for being free of taxation for municipal purposes, municipal expenses being paid by the profits of municipalized industries. This story has been going about town for some months, growing as it went, but has, I believe, no foundation whatever. In a letter to the Columbus Junction, Ia., "Age of Thought" of November 26, William Gilmore, a resident and taxpayer of Glasgow, emphatically contradicts the statement that there was to be any such relief from taxation after January 1, which was the form the story then had. He declares, on the contrary, that there is to be "an increased taxation, it is calculated, of fourpence per pound of rental" for a single "scheme of city improvement," and that in the campaign for election of municipal council, then just over, "not one word" was heard about the reported exemption.

The last statement is more than confirmed by reports from the Glasgow November election in "The National Single Taxer" for September 23 and December 2, showing that the municipal council was carried, nearly two to one, by a party whose leading plank for this campaign was a demand for "rating all land within the city at its full market value" for the sake of "lightening the pressure of city taxes upon the industry of the community." The entire council was chosen at this election. The American news paper story was set afloat before the Glasgow election.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

Target, both sections. Editor "National Single Taxer," 207 Sykes Block, Minneapolis, Minn. Criticise the book described below. The description and quotations are from a review in the "National Single Taxer" of February 10.

John S. Crosby, of Wilmington, Del., is the author of a book, recently issued, entitled "Government: An Inquiry into the Nature and Functions of the State."

The author insists that government is in no proper sense identical with society, although each may be composed of the same members. The legitimate purpose of government is explained as follows:

"Beginning with the simplest possible government,—that which one man having the power might exercise over another,—when would the use of that power by the one to control the conduct of the other be justly warranted? The mere fact that one had the power to control the other could not give him the right; otherwise a slight change in the physical condition of either, or in the circumstances surrounding them, might give to him that had been the weaker the power, and so with it the right to control the other. Might cannot make right. No argument is needed to convince the just mind that, of two men alone upon the earth, one would have no right to attempt to control or interfere with the conduct of the other, except in self defence; that is, in protecting himself in the enjoyment of some natural right. The mere fact that one deemed the conduct of the other morally wrong could give the former no right to forcibly prevent or interfere with it, since the latter might no less honestly, and perhaps with equal reason, believe his conduct to be right, and, in case of difference, the stronger would prevail, leaving the wrong triumphant as often as the right; and, moreover, the latter might in any case well say to the former: 'If God and nature give me the liberty to conduct myself as I please, what right have you to prevent me, so long as I do not interfere with you?' Self-defence has been called the first law of nature, and indeed it is the only natural law authorizing one man or many men to forcibly restrain another.

"Let the number of men be increased to tens, hundreds, or thousands, and still, so long as the first interfered with no right of any one of them, no one of them would have any right to coerce him or control his conduct, and, so long as no one of them had such right, they could not all together have it. A million times zero is zero still. The right, then, of any man or of any number of men to interfere with or control the conduct of other men depends upon and consists in the right of self-defence alone, and may be exercised by one over many as justly as by them over him."

Having designated the natural right of self-defence as the basis for government, Mr. Crosby proceeds to prove that a function of the State growing out of that basis is to keep the peace—to restrain individuals from exercising the right of self-defence to an extent detrimental to the happiness and well-being of their neighbors. He says:

"Even those so peaceably disposed and well-intentioned as never to have a personal difference, so averse to strife as to suffer wrong rather than create disturbance, would soon find their peace destroyed and their property and lives endangered by the contention of strangers. Disputes between individuals would so multiply, continue, and extend, involving families, friends, neighbors, and neighborhoods in the resulting strife, that tumult and riot would overwhelm even those that had no personal enemies and whom no one desired or intended to harm, molest, or disturb. No man could leave his home or place of business with any assurance that his family or property would escape the accidental violence and injury resulting from feuds in which he had no personal interest. Nor could individuals, however able to defend themselves from the fraud or violence of other individuals, successfully contend against the blind and furious violence of contending factions. The individual right of self-defence would be inadequate to the protection of property and life against its own unrestrained, unregulated exercise. . . .

"From what has been shown, it will be seen that civil power may be legitimately used for any one or more of the following purposes only:

"First.—For the preservation of the government itself and the maintenance of its supremacy and sovereign power, which may be termed the self-preserving function of government.

"Second.—For the preservation of the peace and public order, which may be termed its peace-preserving function.

"Third.—For securing to each and every person within its jurisdiction the equal enjoyment of natural, inalienable rights, which may be termed its right-preserving function.

"Fourth.—For the accomplishment of such undertakings and the performing of such services, if any there be, as are necessary to the preservation of the peace or the security of natural rights, but, by reason of their nature or extent, cannot be carried on by private individual or partnership enterprise without the aid of government, which may be called its public-serving function.

"The exercise of civil power should be limited strictly to performing these four functions, and government may abuse its power by failing to fully and efficiently discharge some one or more of them, or by using it for some other purpose, or by lending it for any purpose. . . .

"Government suppresses rebellion and prevents succession as alike incompatible with the maintenance of its supreme power. . . . There can be but one government, one supreme power existing at the same time in any one place, and self-preservation is the first law of its being as of every other."

In describing the fourth, or public-serving function, Mr. Crosby says:

"It becomes necessary, in order to preserve the peace and also to secure the right or freedom of locomotion to all, that highways shall be established and maintained, over and upon which all persons may at all times freely pass at will. It is clear that nothing short of the supreme power of government is adequate to the establishment and maintenance of such highways, and that the principle applies not more to county roads and city streets than to the great railways of a country, no one of which could be built or operated without the authority and aid of the State. The same principle applies to every natural monopoly and to every necessary enterprise whose nature or extent is such that it cannot be carried on as a private undertaking through the unaided efforts and coöperation of natural persons. In this class are street railways, municipal water works, gas and electric light plants, telegraphs, and telephones. If a postal system, safe-deposit banks, and a legal tender currency are public necessities, and cannot be maintained without the aid of government, it should, in the discharge of this function, provide and control them. It should not, however, assume to carry on any gainful service or business that could be peaceably conducted by natural persons without its aid. To do so would be to unjustly interfere with natural opportunities for the support of life and the pursuit of happiness, and to deprive man of natural rights rather than to secure them to him. Nor is the fact that any given or proposed undertaking exceeds the compass of unaided individual ability alone sufficient to warrant the government in assuming to carry it on or to aid in its performance. That an enterprise seems desirable or would be beneficial in its results is of itself no sufficient reason why the State should undertake or aid its performance. It can legitimately do only those things necessary to the efficient performance of its primary or peace-preserving function."

Show the weakness of the argument for the suppression of secession and of private self-defence. See if you can find out how municipal telephone service is involved in keeping the peace.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

THE THIRTY-SIX TRADES OF THE STATE.

BY

ARSENE ALEXANDRE.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Showing the State as a jack-at-all-trades and good at none. Single copy, 3 cents; 10 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, 80 cents. Postage included. Mailed by the publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York City.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

BY

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

A well-printed book of 165 large pages, consisting of two essays bearing the following titles respectively: "The True Constitution of Government in the Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism"; "Cost the Limit of Price: A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem."

This work is an elaborate exposition of the teachings of Josiah Warren by one of his foremost disciples.

PRICE IN CLOTH, $1.00; IN PAPER, 50 CENTS.

Mailed, post-paid, by

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York City.

CHARLES A. DANA'S PLEA FOR ANARCHY.

PROUDHON

AND

HIS "BANK OF THE PEOPLE."

BY CHAS. A. DANA,

Editor of the N. Y. Sun.

Being a Defence of the Great French Anarchist, Showing the Evils of a Specie Currency, and That Interest on Capital Can and Ought to be Abolished by a System of Free and Mutual Banking.

Price, 10 Cts.; Leatherette, 25 Cts.

Mailed, post-paid, by the Publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, NEW YORK CITY.

HENRY GEORGE, TRAITOR.

BY

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Proving that the leader of the Single Taxers was a hypocrite and a coward in his sanctioning of the hanging of the Chicago Communists.

Single copy, 3 cents; 10 copies, 10 cents; 100 copies, 80 cents. Postage included.

Mailed by the Publisher,

BENJ. R. TUCKER, Box 1312, New York City.